

# The Quaker World

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT NOON.

No. 42.—VOL. XX.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1845.

PRICE THREEPENCE  
STAMPED, FOURPENCE.

## Notice.

Subscribers are informed that a Quarter's Subscription to Christmas, 1845, is now due, and they are respectfully requested to forward the same as early as possible.

## Something about Brussels.

After six weeks sojourn in the capital of Belgium, we feel it due to our readers to give some account of how we have spent our time. We fear, however, that at the end of our article we shall have left our kind friends nearly as much in the dark touching Brussels as at the beginning. Nevertheless, we take the privilege of old acquaintanceship, and shaking them heartily by the hand, whether they will or no, wish them joy of our return to foggy London, and proceed in our ancient strain of garrulity to discourse of ourselves and our adventures. Egoism—or rather *nosism*, we being editorially plural, though identically singular—for ever! What is life without it? If we may not speak of ourselves to those who love us, their love is of small avail. We hate talking behind a mask, as though we were ashamed of our words. The faithfulness of our speech shall be written on our foreheads, and our friends shall peruse it and believe. So here goes, reader, for something—or it may be *nothing*—about Brussels.

We arrived in Brussels on the 28th of August, about six in the evening, by the railroad from Pepinster, a small village among the Belgian hills, which conducts you from the station to the pretty town of Spa. We put up at the *Hotel des Princes*, in the *Place de la Monnaie*, one of the most convenient situations in the town. From our window we could see the *Grand Theatre*, the *Bourse*, the *Café de Mille Colonnes*, the *Eglise de St. Gudule*, (the cathedral) and the picturesque *Hotel de Ville*—the two last towering above the multitude of buildings, like giants among pigmies. Moreover, the *Place* itself is one of the finest in Brussels, and the long *Rue des Fripiers*, posed exactly opposite our window, conducted our vision right into the entrails of the town. Covered with dust, however—for we had travelled in the “waggon class” for the sake of economy (and smoking),

—we were not in a condition to admire ever so admirable a prospect. Disembarrassing ourselves of the dust, we descended to the *salle à manger*, and dined at an excellent *table d'hôte*. After dinner we began to consider whom we knew at Brussels. Jules de Glimes and Godefroid were the only names we could conjure up, and, so knowing little or nothing of the town, we singled out a *fiacre* from a row standing in the *Place*, and told the man to drive to M. Jules de Glimes. “*Où demeure-t-il?*” said the *cocher*. We had not thought of this, and so pulled out our pocket-book, and, rummaging among a multitude of cards of addresses, and papers of all sorts, we found one written in pencil, 20, *Rue Vaugirard*. The *cocher* did not know it, but said he would find it. After driving for about an hour, and asking fifty passers by, he came to the conclusion that as no one knew it, there could be no such street in Brussels. What to do? At last the happy idea of enquiring at a *magazin de musique* suggested itself, and so we drove to the celebrated house of Schott, and obtained De Glimes' address without difficulty—No. 1, *Rue Theresienne, Porte de Namur*. But alas! he was out of town, and Godefroid also. “Out of town” sounded so odd at Brussels, that we scarcely believed in it. Surely, thought we, we also are “out of town.” At last we recollected that there were other towns in the world besides London—that Brussels was one of them, and that consequently out of Brussels was as much “out of town” as out of London—a natural conclusion. However, we enjoyed the advantage of being “in town” and “out of town” at one and the same moment, and this suggestion of personal ubiquity was a soother to our English egotism. At all events, De Glimes was out of Brussels; and on looking at the other side of the piece of paper on which 20, *Rue Vaugirard*, was inscribed in pencil, we found it to be the address of Jules Janin, in Paris. No wonder therefore that the *cocher* could not find it out in Brussels—so anathematizing our stupidity we bade him drive to Madame Pleyel, No. 5, *Rue de l'Observatoire, Porte Schaerbeck*, for whom we had a commission, of which we were not sorry to be the bearers, anxious as we were to judge at leisure and in private of that talent which had so much delighted us at Bonn. Here we were in luck—Madame Pleyel was at home, and happily alone with her little girl. She was reading as we entered—but, laying

side her book, received us with the greatest courtesy. We had not exchanged more than a dozen words when we were introduced to her at Bonn, but soon felt ourselves perfectly at home—the pleasant, affable manner of the fair pianist putting at once an end to the uncomfortable restraint of strangerhood. We passed a most agreeable evening. Madame Pleyel politely volunteered to play for us, and discovered the resources of her wonderful talent in music of all kinds, from the gravest to the lightest. She is acquainted with the works of every composer worth knowing, and her memory is so retentive that she never refers to a book. The foremost characteristic of her style is its endless variety of expression, which, wedded to a mechanism of marvellous facility and correctness, induces the nearest approach to perfection we have remarked in any of the great continental pianists. She plays the great masters with the sentiment of a poet, the passion of an enthusiast, the taste of a musician, and the ease of an accomplished pianist. She plays Liszt with greater certainty and not less *abandon* than the impetuous Hungarian himself—she plays Thalberg with equal correctness and far greater and more varied impulse than Thalberg—she plays the caprices and studies of Dreyse, Döhler, and others, in such a style as to invest them with a poetry and an importance that they do not intrinsically possess. Madame Pleyel is altogether an eclectic in her musical taste. Though she accords the immeasurable superiority of the veritable great masters, whom it is unnecessary to name, she is ready to find out and develop more merits, nay beauties, in the music of the modern school of pianists, and especially of Liszt, than we were at first at all inclined to admit or able to appreciate. However, she half converted us—not to a preference for such music, but to her own eclecticism. But Madame Pleyel has the eloquence of argument in as remarkable a degree as that of music, and seldom fails to convince you she is right, however lively may be your prejudices. We were greatly pleased with some studies which she played to us by a young composer, resident in Brussels, named Kufferath, whose acquaintance we have since made, and of whom we shall speak more fully anon. They are not only admirable as mechanical exercises, but abound in musical beauties of a high order, while their outline and development are clear and musician-like. One especially, in G major, a study of the *arpeggio*, of tremendous difficulty, struck us as exceedingly grand, and served well to display the prodigious execution of Madame Pleyel. Leopold de Meyer played this to us, after one of our *matinées musicales*, in Berners Street, in the summer, when there were only two or three persons present (Desmond Ryan, our excellent substitute, Clement White, and Henry and James Wylde, if we recollect aright), who can testify to the truth of what we say. The “Lion Pianist,” after executing sundry of his own compositions with his usual brilliancy and force, asked us if we would like to hear a study which Mendelssohn had

composed for him at Frankfort. Upon a general request that he would play it, he gave this study in G (which we now find to be the composition of Kufferath) with wonderful power and precision, in many places doubling the already outrageous difficulties of the study itself. One of us—Clement White, if we remember rightly—could scarcely be made to believe that Mendelssohn was the composer, but the rest of us were fairly taken in. This was a very good joke of the “Lion Pianist,” but for the future we shall repose less implicit confidence in his sincerity than we were wont. We are not suspicious, perhaps we are somewhat too confiding, but once deceived we become chary of him who has deceived us. That Kufferath was evidently a composer in the Mendelssohn school tended in a great measure to give a colour to the joke. When we were introduced to Kufferath by M. Schott, we asked him about his studies—upon which he said, “If you want to hear them, go to Madame Pleyel”—which, while it was a compliment to the fair artist, was a great proof of modesty on the part of the composer, himself an admirable pianist.

But Madame Pleyel not only plays—she sings, and divinely. With no pretensions to a voice, she is the most expressive vocalist we ever listened to. Her “Margaret at the spinning-wheel,” is a masterpiece of passionate declamation. She sings all the best songs of Schubert from memory. And then her little girl, Marie, a most beautiful and intelligent child, sings and plays marvellously well. She sang me the “Barcarole” and other compositions of Schubert from memory—accompanied on the pianoforte by her mamma, who transposed the songs to suit her voice—with charming expression and irreproachable intonation. Music to Madame Pleyel is a natural language. She plays whatever you ask for, in any key you choose, without hesitation. She cannot be made to understand the difficulty of transposition to others less gifted than herself, and especially the transposition of long and elaborate compositions from memory. In fine, she is a great and accomplished artist, equally remarkable for natural endowments and for the perfection which is the result of deep and unremitting study.

The next day we called on Madame Pleyel by appointment at one o'clock, and spent the greatest part of the day with her. We talked over the recent events at Bonn, we talked of French romances, of Shakspeare and of Byron, of Goethe and *Faust*, of *Manon L'Escaut*, and a thousand interesting matters—and it was pleasing to account in some measure for Madame Pleyel's excellence in the intellectual part of music, by the rare and original *esprit* with which nature had gifted her, and the acquirements induced by reading and reflection. We were more than ever convinced that to be a truly great artist, you must expand the mind by knowledge of other things besides those attached to your immediate pursuit. It is equally true that two things cannot be wholly sifted by one mind—but that is not an excuse for

ignorance of all things but one thing—a state of artistical monomania utterly to be condemned.

In the evening we went to M. Rummell's pianoforte warehouse, the most extensive in Brussels. Madame Pleyel had a *rendezvous* with a young pianist and composer from Paris, Louis Messmaeckers, for the purpose of trying over some new music of his composition. The facility with which Madame Pleyel deciphered the first part of a duet on airs from *Norma*—a fantasia à la Thalberg—astounded the composer, who was eloquent in his expressions of pleasure and surprise. Afterwards M. Messmaeckers performed a solo, and subsequently Madame Pleyel played several pieces, and thus the evening passed away pleasantly enough. As the next morning we were bound for Liege, we bade the fair pianist adieu, thanking her for her courteous reception, and for the delight she had afforded us by her talent.

J. W. D.

(The sequel in our next.)

## The Rise and Progress of the Italian Opera in England.

BY GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.

"Qual vaghezza di ladro? qual di invite?  
Povera e nuda vai. Filosofia,  
Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa."

PETRARCA.

"A record of the Unforgotten Dead."

G. I. O. A.

### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

In those lands where musical contests are carried on with virulence and animosity—where there are more theorists and critics than composers and practitioners—it cannot at all be expected that the public taste can become very refined and classical, or the natural ideas and enthusiasm of musicians be much improved or encouraged. And though causes like this, and their effects, have tended to depress the race of composers in England, yet there cannot be a doubt, that we are, *essentially*, a musical people; with this great difference however in comparison with the only other musical nations, the Germans, Italians, and French,—these have each their separate school—and each acknowledged by the others as a *distinct* school, creating a style not formed by a peculiar and particular mode of study alone—but by the habits, tastes, (nay, even the climate hath its influence) and temperament of its country. Whereas *we* are rather a thinking and reading, than a working people. This must be obvious to all who have considered the subject. And yet! who shall dare to question that England has given birth to musicians (we mean theoretical) who have died unchronicled—unknown—but who nevertheless possessed contrapuntal lore fully equal to those great masters to whom we look up as models?—Who shall for a moment doubt that there are hundreds living at this moment who call England the land of their birth, musicians born, men of vast erudition, possessing genius, taste, and enthusiasm, the purest love and reverence for the

art, men of consummate abilities, and yet who are, comparatively, little known, or whose names are perhaps heard now and then, and generally in those terms that we begin to look for them again with almost a yearning—a longing for that which may not be? Does not this fully prove what we have advanced—that we are rather an observing and a studying, than a practical race. This unfortunately has been and is too prevalent with us.

We have often been reproached for not possessing, as a nation, a school or style of our own; yet there have been many who have denied, and most justly, the taunt. Those who have denied its existence, have probably been deceived (and it is not much to be wondered at) by the discrepancy of "styles" apparent in modern English compositions. We would cite as the head and founder of the English school, *Henry Purcell*, called most aptly the "Father of English Music." It is much to be regretted that few or none take him as their model—but, like others, we have been led away (usque ad nauseam) by the gaudy fripperies of the Italians, or the overloaded and redundant crudities of the modern German Ultra-Romantic School—(We, of course, do not mean the great German luminaries, Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn! No! God forbid.) When shall we have an entire change? When shall one be found of genius enough to despise public taste, and sufficiently bold and adventurous to pursue the track begun so gloriously by Purcell? Why, with such an inexhaustible mine opened before them, has no spirit been found to undertake its working? What a rich, what an enormous accumulation of ore should we now possess, had any such been found? But, till then, England must still suffer under the stigma of being considered as having no school—her artists must submit to be called "imitators," however unpalatable and, in the main, unjust.

The composer, who to genius unites soundness of judgment, will not lavish upon common and trivial occasions what should be reserved for extraordinary purposes. He will leave to fops and pedants in his art all that alarms, all that astonishes and perplexes (which is unfortunately too predominant in the *fashion* of the present day—Fashion! that many headed hydra which devours all that is worthy in the art, or tames it to its own vile taste.—Fashion! that *avroc efa* of the Pythagoreans). He will let no other arts be discoverable in his compositions than those of pleasing the ear and satisfying the taste and understanding. Whatever style, whatever department in his art he adopt, and let the industry with which he perseveres in his studies be never so great, yet, without a deep, a sincere sympathy for his subject, he will be condemned to mix and creep along with the nameless crowd that *follow*, but do not lead. He must be content to be the *observer*, not the *observed*. On the other hand, if, joined to this sensibility, he profess a profound comprehension and knowledge of the science, and the means it can employ, he will render with truthful energy that which his mind thus strongly conceives.

And, truly, how many qualities *must* the musician possess, united to this profound sympathy, to be master of the true kind of expression. He must have a mind sufficiently shrewd and enlarged to compare and comprehend an infinity of analogies not apparent to ordinary minds—an imagination sufficiently ardent and vivid to grasp its subject—sufficiently fertile to clothe it with every variety of formation and shape; with every kind of imagery—a soul sufficiently capacious to seize upon every object, and sufficiently impassioned to embrace all that is analogous to it: but, beyond all, he must



have a heart minutely alive to all the impetuosity of all the passions, as well as to their tenderness and softness. It is thus only that his works can hope to catch the electric fire—the heavenly gleam—to breathe life and identity. It was not the spark which descended from above that gave life to the Statue Woman—no—enkindled by the *genius* of the artist, and by Love, the creative flame burst forth from the heart of Pygmalion.

However, it is not the purpose of the present work to enter into a disquisition like this. We have already erred too much and too deeply; but, gentle, courteous Reader, you see before you and perchance have read

“the head and front of our offending.”

And we close this chapter by assuring you, that, in this point of view, we will “sin no more.”

(To be continued.)

## The Court Concerts at the Bonn Festival.

As the accounts of these concerts in the German, French, and English journals have been uniformly incorrect, it may not be amiss to give the programmes of each, exactly as they occurred. Every thing connected with the Beethoven Festival is of interest, we therefore do not think it necessary to apologize for alluding to these concerts at so late a moment. Our version of the programmes may be relied upon as correct, since we have them in the handwriting of the celebrated Meyerbeer, Kapellmeister to the King of Prussia, who kindly supplied us with the requisite information.

### FIRST CONCERT AT BRUHL—August 13.

#### PROGRAMME.

##### PART I.

Le Salut à la Reine Victoria, for four male voices and chorus.. .. MEYERBEER.  
Romance (*Il Torneo*), Dlle. Tuczeck.. .. LORD WESTMORELAND.  
Air\* (*Niobe*), Dlle. Jenny Lind.. .. PACINI.  
Solo, pianoforte, M. Liszt .. .. LISZT.  
Scena (*Orfeo, Act II.*), Mdma. Viardot Garcia, and chorus.. .. GLUCK.

##### PART II.

Duetto (*Huguenots, Act III.*), Dlle. Jenny Lind and Herr Staudigl .. .. MEYERBEER.  
Aria, Mdma. Viardot Garcia .. .. DE BERTOT.  
Fantasia on Spanish Airs, pianoforte, M. Liszt .. LISZT.  
Duetto (*Fidelio*), Herr Staudigl and Pischek .. BEETHOVEN.  
Finale (*Euryanthe, Act I.*), Dlle. Jenny Lind and chorus.. .. WEBER.

At the Pianoforte—HERR MEYERBEER.

After the *Romance* of the Earl of Westmoreland, the King of Prussia being desirous that Queen Victoria should hear something from Meyerbeer's new opera, the *Camp of Silesia*, commanded the *Chœur des Pandours* and the *Ronde Bohémienne* from that opera, instead of the air of Pacini—a change infinitely for the better, according to the opinion of the connoisseurs who were present. The *Rondo* was interpreted by Dlle. Jenny Lind. After the second fantasia of Liszt, the King of Prussia expressed a desire to hear the air “*Lascia eh'io pianga*” of Handel. The music, however, was not at hand, but Viardot Garcia and Meyerbeer had excellent memories to supply the deficiency, and executed it accordingly without book, much to the delight and astonishment of the company. Liszt, not finding that attention paid

to his performance to which he is accustomed and entitled, even from Royalty, stopped suddenly in the midst of one of his pieces, slid his fingers from one end of the key-board to the other, and got up from the instrument. No notice was taken of this heroic manifestation of independance, but we are told that His Majesty of Prussia laughed heartily at the occurrence, and did not think less of Liszt in consequence. The programme of the second concert given at Stolzenfels, August 15, was as follows:—

##### PART I.

Quartet, (*Phædra*), Dlle. Tuczeck, Mdma. Viardot Garcia, Herr Mantius and Bötzezer .. LORD WESTMORELAND.  
Sicilienne, Mdma. Viardot Garcia .. .. PERGOLESI.  
Tremolo, violin solo, M. Vieuxtemps.. .. DE BERTOT.  
“Mère Grand,” notturno, Dlle. Jenny Lind, and Mdma. Viardot Garcia .. .. MEYERBEER.

##### PART II.

Lieder, Herr Mantius and Bötzezer.. .. TRUHN & TAUBERT.  
Trio, (*Il Crociato*), Dlle. Jenny Lind, Mdma. Viardot Garcia, and Dlle. Tuczeck .. .. MEYERBEER.  
“Le Garde drapeau,” ballad Herr Pischek .. .. LINDPAINTER.  
Swedish National airs, Dlle. Jenny Lind.. ..

At the Pianoforte—HERR MEYERBEER.

Meyerbeer was enchanted with the style in which his trio was rendered by the three ladies, and pronounced it the most perfect vocal display he had ever listened to. At this concert, as at the first, the Queen of England was present—but not so at the third and last, which occurred in the palace at Coblenz, Aug. 16, the King and Queen of the Belgians and Prince Metternich being guests of His Majesty of Prussia. The programme was as below:—

Prayer of the Israelites, Romance and Duet (*Joseph*) Dlle Tuczeck, Herr Pischek and chorus.. .. MEHUL.  
Solo, violoncello, M. Batta .. .. BATTÀ.  
Psalm (No. 18) Mdma. Viardot Garcia and chorus .. MARCELLO.  
“Le défi des flûtes,” scene (*Camp of Silesia, Act 3*) Dlle. Jenny Lind, Herr Mantius and chorus—with two flutes obligati .. .. MEYERBEER.  
Fantasia, violin, M. Moeser .. .. MOESER.

##### PART II.

“Der Wanderer,” ballad, Herr Staudigl .. .. SCHUBERT.  
“Le songe de Tartini,” Romance, Mdma. Viardot Garcia (violin obligato, M. Vieuxtemps) .. PANSERON.  
Trio buffo (*Marguerite d'Anjou*), Herr Staudigl, Pischek, and Bötzezer .. .. MEYERBEER.  
“Batti, Batti,” air (*Don Giovanni*), Dlle. Jenny Lind .. .. MOZART.  
Spanish National airs, Mdma. Viardot Garcia ..

At the Pianoforte—HERR MEYERBEER.

The artists all expressed themselves highly satisfied with the munificent treatment of the King of Prussia, and the courteous demeanour and assiduous attention of Meyerbeer, whose accompanying was generally pronounced perfection. D.

## Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

“Why these are very crochets that he speaks;  
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!”

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XLI.

A RESOLVED DISCORD.

At the close of the musical season for the present year an interesting scene took place which, as it intimately concerns the profession generally, it is extremely surprising should not have been duly recorded. It appears that, for some time, several petty disagreements have taken place amongst the various instruments employed in an orchestra, in

consequence of some, which have hitherto been content to remain in comparatively subordinate situations, suddenly declaring that they have as much right to be heard as the rest, and positively refusing to return to their work until the matter shall have been fairly investigated. In order, therefore, to afford an opportunity for free discussion upon the subject, a meeting was convened to which every orchestral instrument was invited. The second of September was the day appointed by the committee; and at an early hour almost every seat in the room was occupied. The division of feeling amongst the several instruments was exceedingly apparent; for, although the Flute and Clarinet entered the room together, and the Violoncello was supported on either side by the Violin and Tenor, it was easy to perceive, by the sidelong looks and glances of contempt which were from time to time exchanged with each other, that these friendly appearances were merely temporary: indeed so strongly was this selfish feeling shown, that when the unwieldy Double-bass entered, some little time after the hour appointed for commencing, although it was evident that, from his extreme size, he could scarcely reach his seat without assistance, not a friendly hand was held out to help him, and he might perhaps have sunk from exhaustion, had not a considerate Trumpet led him up the room, and placed him in the arm-chair provided for his reception.

The Violin having been voted into the chair (not, however, without many dissentient voices) the business of the meeting commenced.

The Clarinet rose—

He had, he said, observed with much regret that, although the *leader* of an orchestra had long since become a mere nonentity, the office still continued in full force. He put it to the meeting whether they would any longer allow the first violins to maintain any such superiority over them. In the time of Handel, when the "stringed quartet" had not that powerful aid from wind instruments which they now had, it might be all very well to permit the principal first violin to assume the title of leader of the orchestra; but times were now very different, and the claims of the wind must be acknowledged. He believed it to be universally admitted that the clarinet was the sweetest instrument in the orchestra—(Cries of "no, no!")—His friends cried no, no!—but he would say yes, yes! He had very often been told that the oboe was exactly like a clarinet with a bad reed; (oh, oh! from the oboe) and with regard to another instrument, which had continually been brought prominently forward, he would only remind him that a great composer had once said, "there is nothing more horrible than a solo on the flute except a duet for two flutes." (Cries of "order, order!") He did not wish to cast reflections upon his friends, but he was resolved to maintain his true position; and he was sure that the public would support him in the assertion that a solo on the clarinet was one of the most delightful musical treats that could be devised by human ingenuity.

The Flute rose, but spoke in so weak a voice that he was almost inaudible to the reporters. He was understood to ask his friend who had just sat down whether he had ever heard of such a thing as *double tonguing*; and, if so, how he could possibly compare a solo on the clarinet to a solo on the flute. It was well known that the slightest breath would draw from this latter instrument the most delicious notes; whilst learners on the clarinet were continually indulging their hearers with a series of discordant sounds which have been not inaptly compared to the screams of a goose. Musical amateurs were well aware of the vast superiority of the flute over every other wind instrument; and nobody, save a professional player, ever thought of learning the clarinet. To show the estimation in which the instrument was held, he would tell his friend that one of its first professors had assured him that he had never had more than two pupils in his life: the one never paid him, and the other *stole a clarinet*. (Laughter, and cries of "order!") What could be more delightful than the dulcet sounds of the flute on the water by moonlight? What more captivating to the ears of beauty? Many a timid and hesitating maiden, who has long withstood a lover's vows of constancy, has been melted into compliance by the pure and liquid tones of this charming instrument. He did not see why he should be made to fall in the rear of any of his friends; and if they did not admit his claim fully, he was resolved to leave England entirely, and persuade continental composers to place him at once on a level with every existing instrument.

The Ophicleide rose—

He was sorry to see the conceited air which his two friends who had just spoken thought proper to assume towards the meeting. His friend, the Flute, had indulged them with a long tirade of maudlin sentimentality about his power of melting the hearts of school girls by moonlight. For his part, he looked upon such matters as totally beneath the dignity of a musical instrument; and, although he (the Ophicleide) was but young in comparison with many of his friends, he ventured to say that there was an air of manliness about him to which few present could lay the slightest claim. He was quite certain that if

any person were to hear a solo on the ophicleide once, he would never forget it. He admitted that more solos were written for the violin, and indeed for almost every other instrument, but this was no proof of the inferiority of the ophicleide, and he could assure the meeting, that he did not intend to continue quietly to hold the paltry situation which he had hitherto done. He begged distinctly to tell his two friends, the Flute and Clarinet, that the next time they attempted to assert their superiority before a public audience, he would commence an extempore solo, which should speedily drown their piping voices, and convince the auditors that he has the power of a giant when he likes to exercise it.

The Violoncello rose—

He had heard, he said, with much sorrow, the absurd squabbles of the wind instruments; and he felt really doubtful to which the palm of superiority should be awarded. In one thing, however, he perfectly agreed with his friends who had just spoken. The violins *had* assumed a position to which they were by no means entitled. In his opinion the wind must ever be secondary to the stringed instruments, but he by no means admitted that the *violins* should be primary. It was true that passage playing was entrusted to them; and indeed he would not deny that they really performed most of the hard work; but what of that? Are the laborers to become aristocrats? Certainly not. Allowing that the strings must always rank first, is not the Violoncello the most important of them all? Why the second violins and the tenors merely fill up the parts between the first violins and the violoncellos; and does not the whole weight of a score, in truth, rest upon these latter instruments. The double-bass only serves to give breadth to the coloring; and, when delicacy is required, they know better than to let themselves be heard at all. He would conclude by saying that if solos were written less for the violins, and more for the violoncellos, the musical public would be very great gainers by the change.

As soon as the Violoncello had resumed his seat, the Double-bass rose slowly, and majestically. Every eye was fixed upon this fine instrument, for the calm manner in which he had listened to the stormy addresses of those around him, had impressed them all with a feeling in his favor. He looked from one to the other, as if to command attention, and commenced thus:—

"My friends and companions:

"I will not attempt to express to you the painful feelings with which I have listened to the many intemperate speeches which this meeting has called forth. Suffice it to say that I came here with the resolution of speaking out; and, whatever may be the consequence, nothing shall make me flinch from the task which I have imposed upon myself. In the first place, my friend who has just spoken has told me that I merely serve to give breadth of coloring to a great picture; and that wherever delicacy is required I am silent. Unlike my companions who have preceded me at this meeting, I admit this to the fullest extent; and not only do I admit it, but I *glory* in it. (Cheers.) Yes—I repeat that I glory in working towards a great end; and, instead of disputing precedence with my friend, I trust that we may ever be united as brothers, and continue to play out of the same book until the divine art of music shall cease to exist. (Continued cheering.) I have long observed that too much prominence has been given to many of the instruments now around me. Not content with remaining quietly in their places, they have been thrust forward, to the utter detriment of the art, and made to perform various fantastic tricks, which have nothing whatever to recommend them but their extreme difficulty. The fact is that there are very few of you, indeed, who have any right whatever to be considered as solo instruments. For myself, I can only say that I sincerely trust my conceit may never lead me to make such an exhibition of myself as I have often seen others around me do. Why, I ask, should we longer seek to compete with each other, when we have fully proved that, united in one common object, a grand and gigantic effect can be obtained? Why should we think of temporary prominence, when our whole energy should be directed to the study of those minute points of light and shade, without which the finest musical poems in existence are cold and meaningless? No, my friends; depend upon it that many of the solos of which you have now been boasting are considered, by the true lovers of music, merely as pimples on the face of the art; signs of an unhealthy state, which, if prompt remedies be not speedily applied, may lead to a gradual decay of the art itself. Believe me, we have but to *unite*, to show the world of what we are really capable. We have but one true home;—that home is THE ORCHESTRA. (Deafening cheers.) Let us then think no more of petty quarrels; but, placing ourselves under the direction of one powerful mind, turn our attention to the development of those numerous poetical works which have from time to time been left to us. The *Conductor* must be chosen by our united voices; and we, merging our individual interests in the common good, must cheerfully and implicitly obey him. This, I feel, is the only mode by which music can be

raised; and, in the name of the art which you all profess to love, I call upon you to throw aside all ill feeling, and to promote, by every means in your power, this all-important object."

The worthy speaker resumed his seat, whilst the room literally rung with cheers. Many went up and shook hands with him—two or three were seen to dry their eyes, and the Horn actually took off his crook and threw the tears upon the ground. Never was good feeling restored in so short a time. Scarcely had the Chairman declared that business was concluded, when the Double-bass was surrounded by his friends, and almost carried in triumph to his case at the door. Most of those who had entered the room inveterate enemies, were afterwards seen walking together in the most friendly manner; and many sanguine persons augur great results from this memorable meeting.

### Six Love Sonnets,

*In the same Metre,*

BY GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.

No. I.

*On L \*\*\*\*\* asking "what that sigh meant."*

There is a wish in that same sigh,  
A half-form'd hope of what would be  
Were that but granted unto me.—

With thee, dear maid, and none else nigh,  
In forest deep I fain would dwell,  
By babbling brook my love to tell!

Where thro' the glade the sunbeams shine,  
When rosy Summer gilds the year,  
And skylarks trill their voices clear.

Thy bosom, pillow'd, love, on mine  
Would make me, spurning that above,  
Picture my only Heaven—love.

The wanton birds among the trees  
Each in its own sweet language sings,  
Filling the air with twitterings.

And taking lesson then by these,  
Why should not I thus urgently  
Whisper my suit of love to thee.—

Beneath the lofty leaf-crown'd shade  
We'd lie conceal'd, and sport and play  
In jocund pleasure all the day.—

And thus we'd lie 'till Daylight fade  
And Night begins to steal around  
With darksome mantle o'er the ground.—

And one by one, as stars peep out,  
Twinkling amidst the distant skies,  
We'd seek *ours* in each other's eyes—

And, banishing all fear and doubt,  
I'd lay my head upon thy breast,  
And, sleep o'ercome, we'd siuk to rest.

### The Lay of the Rejected.

*(For Music.)*

BY J. H. JEWELL.

Oh! she was pure as virgin snow,  
And blameless as the dove,  
And graceful as the timid roe  
When first I sought her love.

She gave me hope, ('twas bliss indeed  
To kneel at Virtue's shrine.)  
But fickle fancy, like the reed,  
Can change—she ne'er was mine.

### Lines.

Sweet sun—whose brilliant beam  
Gildeth with golden gleam  
Yon minstrel's head;  
Around his glorious lays  
Sun-wreath immortal rays,  
Ere they be sped!

What ray e'er equal'd *thine*?  
What lyre *his* notes divine?  
Bear them afar;  
That the bright angel quire  
Echo his notes of fire  
Round thy gold car!

Mild moon—whose maiden beam  
Sheddeth its silver stream  
O'er yon high hall;  
Thy purest rays illumine  
E'en sable night's gloom  
Where'er they fall.

Thus, as thy silver boat  
Doth with its white sails float  
O'er heaven's blue sea,  
Leaving each tiny star  
Twinkling so faint afar,  
While thou sail'st free.

So doth that master mind  
Soar far from human kind,  
Great and alone:—  
Piercing the world's night  
With its effulgence bright—  
Equal'd by none!

Oh! may his life e'er be  
Tranquil and calm like thee,  
Shelter'd from storm;  
Till in eternal plains  
He heaven's minstrel reigns  
In angel form!

LUCY.

### Original Correspondence.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

1, Hardman Street, Liverpool, Oct. 7, 1845.

Dear Sir,—

I am sorry to complain that in my last letter there are several omissions and substitutions of words.

In the first paragraph there is "power was arrested," instead of "speed was then arrested;" and "process," instead of "progress." In the first line of the second paragraph, there is "in," instead of "on;" a little further on there is "others about," instead of "others upon matters about;" and still a little further on there is "duddn't," instead of "cuddn't." In the third paragraph there is "to," instead of "from G flat, and A flat;" and "hit," instead of "hint."

Yours, truly,  
J. MOLINEUX.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

My dear Sir,—

Your printer (or the letters tumbled) by some unaccountable chance, has given the first sentence of my last letter directly an opposite meaning. Now as I have a week or two back expressed my real sentiments respecting the present discussions in the *Musical World* in a short note, viz.—"May not the views whether A sharp be higher than B flat, be rather dim for clear people to admire?"—I hope you will allow me to correct the mistake alluded to. I have never found in my conversation with learned musicians any such notions broached as form these never-endless, unsatisfactory, and useless discussions; which do not give a composer one musical idea, nor elucidate one subject belonging to the whole theory of music.

I trust, however, your worthy correspondent, Mr. Oldershaw, will not suppose I write in personal feeling towards him: for whatever my



opinions may be on this point, I do not seek to influence him, whose sentiments may better agree with some of your readers, than, my dear Sir,  
Yours, truly,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

PS.—In my last letter I mentioned the concertos of Mozart and Beethoven: now Haydn wrote one, also, and to any one who will furnish me with a copy of it, I will give him or her three times the printed value of it. I hope musicsellers will oblige me by casting their eyes over their unsaleable musical stock for Haydn's Pianoforte Concerto.  
G. F. F.

#### OPENING OF THE NEW ORGAN IN THE CHURCH AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,

Sheffield, Oct. 13, 1845.

In the "Musical World" of the 2nd instant, an account is given of the trial of skill of the candidates for the situation of Organist of the above Church, in which mention is made of a trio being selected by Dr. Gauntlett. I shall be obliged if you will, in your next publication, mention their names who were put out from amongst the candidates as the best men on the occasion, which were Mr. Oldham, of Hyde; Mr. J. S. Booth, of Sheffield; and Mr. Harris, of Manchester. It being understood that the election of one of the three devolved on the decision of the committee, which will no doubt be final. Perhaps it will not be uninteresting to know that Mr. Booth, at the time, was casually passing through the town, and ventured to place his name on the list of candidates without any previous preparation. This being the case, I think there is greater credit due to him for being placed by Dr. Gauntlett in the *trio*, and particularly being a young gentleman under eighteen years of age.

Yours respectfully,

An old and regular Subscriber to the  
"MUSICAL WORLD."

### Provincial Intelligence.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—A concert was given in this town on Wednesday evening, the 8th inst., by the talented and respected resident professor, Mr. Ions. The vocal portion was ably sustained by Miss Barrett, Miss Cubitt, Mr. Ashton, and Mr. Machin, who were called upon to repeat many of the pieces selected for the occasion. Mr. F. Chatterton on the harp, Mr. P. Jay on the violoncello, Mr. Ions and Mr. W. Jay on the pianoforte, were the instrumentalists, and acquitted themselves to the admiration of all. Beethoven's variations on "See the conquering hero," for pianoforte and violoncello, were perfectly rendered by Mr. Ions, and Mr. P. Jay. A duet for two pianofortes, played by the beneficeaire and Mr. W. Jay, was also a very effective performance, and warmly applauded. The attendance was exceedingly numerous, and the concert went off with great *éclat*.

LOUGHBOROUGH.—An agreeable concert was given here on Tuesday, October 7, by Mr. Wykes of Leicester. Vocalists, Miss Newcombe, Miss Wykes, and Mr. Toon. Instrumentalists, Messrs. A. and H. Nicholson, and Mr. J. Smith. The room was well attended, and the pieces generally went off very nicely. Mr. H. Nicholson's flute solo, "There's nae luck," with variations by Richardson, (of whom Mr. N. is a pupil) was excellently rendered, and narrowly escaped an encore. Mr. A. Nicholson's playing is well known in London; he never played better than on this occasion, and was encored. Mr. Smith's concert solo was well received. Miss Newcombe sung tastefully with Mr. A. Nicholson's oboe accompaniment, Spohr's "Bird and Maiden." Miss Wykes acquitted herself very well, as did also Messrs. Wykes and Toon. The concert was, on the whole, very successful.

MANCHESTER.—MASTER R. H. ANDREWS' CONCERT was well supported by his friends and admirers, on Thursday evening last, in St. Mark's School Room, Cheetham Hill, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Wilton. The vocal and instrumental pieces were warmly applauded, and several encores were elicited.

CHELTHAM.—A meeting took place at the Literary and Philosophical Institution, on Friday, to adopt measures for establishing a society for the cultivation of vocal and instrumental music. A provisional committee was appointed to draw up rules and regulations for the government of the Society. and to report thereon to another public meeting to be held in a few days. Dr. Theodore Boisragon was appointed president of the Society.—(*Cheltenham Chronicle*, October 9.)

MANCHESTER, Sept. 17, 1845.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—We had the best concert ever given in Manchester, on Thursday last.—The two Lablaches, Grisi, and Mario, form such a quartet as all Europe cannot surpass—they never were in better voice or better spirits. The consequence was the encores were numerous, and, although readily responded to, the singers frequently with the greatest good nature and with exquisite taste, gave *something else* as a substitute;—as for instance, the *Cenerentola* duet, "Un segreto d'importanza," was encored, and instead of repeating it, the Lablaches gave "Se fiato in corpo avete," from the *Matrimonio*. When Mario was called forth a second time in the "Tu vedrai," he substituted "Com è gentil," from the *Pasquale*, with Grisi and the Lablaches vamping the chorus to it. Amongst the other encores were Mario's "Bella adorata," Grisi's "Qui la voce," the "Suoni la tromba" duet, &c. &c.—all was excellent. Mario is greatly improved and has become a prodigious favorite here. F. Lablache is improved too;—and old Lablache!—great and glorious as he always is—he never exhibited more of his innate drollery off the stage; yet not a note of the music did he sacrifice to his fun—always correctly in tune—although, at times, he had his audience in roars of laughter. Grisi wears well—she sang the Polacca, "Son vergine vezzosa," and her part in the "A te o cara" quartet, from *Puritani*, as brilliantly as ever; and her humour and Lablache's together caused the "Prova" duet, "Oh guardate che figura," to be encored. It is a pity that this, the best concert, as far as the performance of the principal vocalists was concerned—ever given in Manchester—should have been a losing affair to the Philharmonic Institute, for whose benefit it was given. The band was very meagre, and the chorus out of place in a concert where such transcendent principals were engaged.

BRIGHTON.—(*From a correspondent.*) We were to have had great musical doings here, Mr. McCarroll announced a concert to take place last Monday, but did not dispose of a single ticket till a late hour of the day; he, therefore, very wisely determined on abandoning the speculation altogether. In lieu of this loss to the musical world, Mr. F. Wright, of the Royal Collonade, promises us a delightful treat on Monday, the 20th inst., at his annual benefit concert, for which he has secured the services of Madame Dulcken, Mlle. Schloss, Mr. J. Parry, Mr. Hausmann, and several other eminent artists. The Countess of Jersey, the Prince and Princess Esterhazy, and a long list of the "haut-ton" patronize Mr. Wright, so that he is certain of success in every respect. I shall not fail to give you the particulars of the concert next week. Madame Vestris and Mr. Matthews fill the theatre to overflowing. Places are booked for several nights in advance. The present fine weather enables the band of the 17th Lancers to perform in the squares and on the pier, and to delight a numerous company by their excellent performances. I heard the overture of *The Crown Diamonds*, some airs from *Norma*, Musard's *La Reine Catarina* quadrilles, Bosio's "La Esmeralda waltzes," &c., &c. Great credit is due to the master, M. Sufferin, for the efficiency displayed by his corps.

### Miscellaneous.

MR. WILSON will give his Scottish entertainments at Cheltenham on Saturday morning. Mr. Lover has delivered his Irish minstrelsy with great success at several places in Devonshire. A Mr. Bloomfield has also given similar entertainments at Plymouth, Exeter, &c., &c., accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Blewitt.

THE DULCKEN PARTY, consisting of Madame Dulcken, Mlle. Schloss, the Misses Williams, Herr Goldberg, and John Parry, will commence a provincial tour on the 3rd of November, by performing at Reading (in the morning) and Oxford; the concert at the latter place being Mr. Sharp's annual one, will take place in the evening, under distinguished patronage.

MR. GEORGE CASE, the violinist, and performer on the concertina, has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Musicians. Mr. Cotton Reeve, the violinist, who had been a member of the institution for nearly half a century, was gathered to his fathers lately, aged sixty-eight.

MISS DOLBY started on the 8th instant for Leipzig, where she is engaged to sing at a series of concerts, under the direction of Dr. Mendelssohn, until the end of January, when she will return to England, after paying a visit to Berlin, Dresden, Weimar, &c. &c. She is accompanied by her mother and one of her sisters.

A CONCERT WILL be given on Monday next, in the Town Hall, Brighton, by Mr. F. Wright, who has engaged the following artists—Mdlle. Schloss, Mrs. W. H. Seguin, Madame Sala, Signor Lardelli, Mr. W. H. Seguin, and John Parry. Solo players—Madame Dulcken, Mr. T. Wright, Mr. Blagrove, Mr. G. Case, and Herr Hausmann.

SIGNOR MARRAS will give a concert on Monday, at Cheltenham, on which occasion Mr. Vincent Wallace will perform two fantasias on the pianoforte. Mr. Wallace's new opera will be put into active rehearsal, at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 1st of November; the music is spoken very highly of by those who are to sustain parts in it—particularly by Mr. Henry Phillips, who will make his re-appearance in it at old Drury.

A SURPRISE FOR STAUDIGL.—Paragraphs have been going the round of the papers on the subject of an intended surprise for Staudigl on his arrival at Vienna. It is to consist of a little music outside the window of his house—which is a sort of surprise we often get from a barrel-organ, and other surprising but not very agreeable instruments. "Staudigl is to know nothing about it," says the paragraph. Of course not. The Pet of the Ballet knows nothing about the second-hand halfpenny bouquets that come showering down from the top box over the proscenium at the end of a solo bit in a *pas de Qu'est-ce que vous dites*, or dance of what-do-you-call it. Staudigl is to be engaged in a game at chess by a friend—at least, such, we are told, is a part of the plot that is to be played off in honour of him. It will be rather a mull if Staudigl is not disposed for chess, but prefers taking a walk, just before the time at which he is to be surprised by a serenade under his window. If he is fond of chess the row will be a fearful nuisance—if he should have got into the middle of an interesting game; and he may possibly "surprise" the serenaders with a jug of cold water, which is the course we should take if a set of obstinate fellows would persist in shouting beneath our window while we happened to be occupied with our favourite pastime. Staudigl is an artist of too much talent to require auxiliaries of the sort alluded to; and if he is not as great a quack as the serenaders themselves, he will be disgusted at the bawling and squalling which a few fools have determined on raising beneath the window of his lodging. We frequently get serenaded for our many triumphs, but we have one answer to all the songs and ballads that are addressed to us. We invariably reply to the music from below with a slight variation on a well-known song in the opera of *Artaxerxes*. We don't exactly strike up "Water parted from the sea" but we strike down a little "Water parted from the ewer."—(*Punch*.)

RICHMOND MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.—(*From a Correspondent*.)—On Monday evening, 22nd ult., Mr. Field completed his series of Lectures on Naval and Military Commanders. The lectures, although containing much of biographical information, were arranged principally with the view of introducing certain popular songs, which were made applicable to the discourses. To dove-tail some of these required no little ingenuity, while others dropped in as if

made for the purpose. Such were "Harry Bluff," "The Death of Nelson," "Funeral of Sir John Moore," and "The Hero of a Hundred Fights." Mr. Field, whose voice is a powerful tenor, gave these established favorites with taste, and elicited great applause from his audience. We trust that this deserving singer may have an early opportunity of again appearing before a Richmond audience.

JENNY LIND.—One day, Meyerbeer in his musical wanderings, found himself at the Stockholm Opera. He sees a young gracefully-formed lady, rather above the middle height, with beautiful light hair, and most talking eyes, who is pointed out to him as a "promising" vocalist. Beauty she cannot be said to possess, for the nose is too prominent; but she has an indescribable charm in the quiet naturalness of her action. Meyerbeer listens; the voice is deliciously fresh, and even in quality. But hark, she ascends the scale. What upper notes are those—what bell-like clearness! That rouse again—what marvellous flexibility! "There is my *prima donna*," exclaims the great composer of the *Huguenots* aloud, to the discomfiture of the surrounding auditors, who were breathless not to lose a note of the Stockholm syren. Yes! that was, indeed, the long-sought-for treasure; and Meyerbeer had the glory of engaging for the grand opera at Berlin the now famed Jenny Lind.—(*Cheltenham Chronicle*.)

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The first chamber concert of the twelfth season took place in Erat's Harp Saloon, on Monday evening. The following was the programme:—

Trio, in C minor, No. 3, Op. 1, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Miss Barker (her first appearance at these Concerts), Mr. Watson, and Mr. Hancock	Beethoven.
Duetto, "The Return," Mrs. A. Newton (her first appearance at these Concerts), and Miss Duval	H. B. Richards.
Scena, "Rome," Mr. W. H. Seguin	E. J. Loder.
Song, "If o'er the boundless sky," Miss Duval	Molique.
Quartet, in A, two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello, Messrs. Willy, Watson, Hill, and Hancock	G. A. Macfarren.
Quintet, in E flat, Pianoforte, two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello, Messrs. H. Westrop, Willy, Weslake, Hill, and Hancock	H. Westrop.
Scena (from <i>Attila</i> , a MS. Opera), first time of performance, Mrs. A. Newton	H. Glover.
Quartet in A, No. 5, two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello, Messrs. Willy, Weslake, Hill, and Hancock	Mozart.
Trio, "The flocks shall leave the mountains," Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Duval, and Mr. W. H. Seguin ( <i>Acis and Galatea</i> )	Handel.

The Vocal Music accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mr. F. B. Jewson. Director for the Evening, Mr. J. R. Tutton.

The room was very full. The quartets were excellently played, Macfarren's better than we have previously heard it at these concerts. Miss Barker is a pianist of great promise, and made a highly favorable debut. Brinley Richards' elegant duet was nicely rendered by Mrs. A. Newton and Miss Duval. Mr. Glover's scena is effective and brilliant, the fair vocalist, however, was somewhat nervous. This is from an early opera of Mr. Glover, not the one accepted by Mr. Maddox. Mr. H. Westrop's quintet is an old favorite; it was famously played and deservedly applauded. Mr. W. H. Seguin and Miss Duval sang their respective pieces admirably, and Mr. F. B. Jewson made a first-rate accompanist.

MR. HENRY LINCOLN has announced two lectures at Crosby Hall, the first for the last day of this month. The subjects of the lectures are to be Gluck and Cherubini. In the experienced hands of Mr. Lincoln, much of both instructive and entertaining matter may be anticipated. Doubtless he will carry out yet further his last year's brilliant success.



**COLOSSEUM.**—An organ is to be placed in the Hall of Sculpture, at the Colosseum, which will be shortly opened by Mr. Pitman, who has been engaged to perform, at stated periods, during the evening exhibition of that noble and unique structure.

**OPERA IN AMERICA.**—The Park Theatre was crowded last night to greet the first appearance of the operatic corps, which was quite a novelty in our musical world, as nothing of particular import in that class of entertainment has been witnessed since the advent of the Woods and Brough, and of Miss Sherriff and Wilson. Since these memorable occasions, we have had nothing to compare with the performances of last evening; and though the singers were heard to evident disadvantage, nothing could prevent their talents being properly appreciated. They were too striking to be mistaken. Often as we have listened to the music of the delightful opera of *Sonnambula*, it came upon us last night with the freshness of novelty, and, though Malibran be our standard of excellence in judging of the merit of all subsequent Aminas, still we witnessed the performance of Miss Delcy with unqualified delight, for she comes the nearest to that standard of any one that we have since seen in the part. In her acting there was a strong resemblance, and some of her notes fell upon the ear with the same rich fulness that characterised those of that unrivalled artist. Miss Delcy is, we should say, a singer by nature—she sings as though she loved the art, she throws her whole soul into it, and, if it be not inspiration, it is the best counterfeit we ever saw. It is impossible to listen to her unmoved, her notes appeal to the heart, and to the senses—they either abound with deep-thrilling pathos, and stir up the fountains of feeling, or they dazzle by their brilliancy, and in all she attempts you witness the unmis-takeable evidences of the finished artist. The change of climate, and the unfavourable state of the weather since her arrival has been such, that her voice was evidently affected; but under all these disadvantages she triumphed completely. Her finale to the second act was extraordinary, and called forth the most vehement applause, which continued for some time after the curtain fell. Mr. Frederick Gardner is one of the best tenors we have ever heard in this country—some of his notes are positively delicious. If the power of his voice equalled its sweetness, he would be the best tenor on the stage. We know not where Mr. Simpson obtained him—he came unheralded, but he did not require it. The exquisite morceaux he gave us last night sufficiently established his reputation, and more than compensated for occasional fears—he is a gentlemanly man, and has a fine stage figure and face. Mr. Brough evidently suffered from illness, but his acting was admirable. We cannot close our notice without complimenting Mr. Lacy on his admirable manner of conducting the piece. Every thing went with perfect regularity. At the close of the opera Miss Delcy, Brough, and F. Gardner appeared at the call of the house, and were vociferously cheered, and Mr. Barry announced the repetition of the opera to-night, amidst general applause.—(*New York Mirror*, September 16, 1845.)

Let us trust that the above be not merely a "puff." We wish well to our English vocalists, but it is sad to nip their promise in the bud by the unwholesome blight of hyperbolic eulogium. If this be true of Miss Delcy, then is Miss Delcy another Miss Delcy than the Miss Delcy who appeared at Covent Garden as Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*. We shall be glad to hail her back to England thus wonderfully advanced beyond her former self.—(Ed. M. W.)

**THE WIDOW OF AUGUSTINE WADE.**—We are happy to perceive that so many Pianoforte Makers, Music Sellers, and Publishers of the first respectability are anxious to receive subscriptions on behalf of the widow of the late Mr. F. Augustine Wade; the well known and respected composer of music, poetry, (operas, music and poetry both), songs, &c., and hope without delay that we shall have the pleasure to see the names of many who have kindly promised their assistance added to the list of benevolent subscribers. We gladly give insertion to the following circular.

45, CORNHILL, 20TH JULY, 1845,

"It is with extreme regret, and under most distressing circumstances, that I take the liberty of addressing you.

Mr. J. AUGUSTINE WADE, the well known composer of music, Poems, Operas, &c., &c. departed this life on Tuesday the 15th inst., at his residence, No. 340, Strand, under most painful circumstances—after a long illness, confined to his bed, and deprived of reason through intense study. His affectionate wife is left with two children to deplore his loss, without the means of subsistence, and unable without the assistance of benevolent friends, to defray the expense of interring his remains. She is without a relative to assist her; and was also threatened with an execution for rent, due at Midsummer last.

Under these circumstances allow me earnestly to solicit your kind assistance and interest with your friends and acquaintance for this unfortunate family.

The following have kindly consented to receive Subscriptions:—

Mr. Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn.  
Mr. Lavenue, 48, Greek Street, Soho.  
Messrs. D'Almaine & Co., Soho Square.  
Mr. Hawes, Music Seller, Strand.  
Mr. Ollivier, Music Seller, New Bond Street.  
Mr. Nelson, Music Seller, New Bond Street.  
Messrs. Cramer, Beale & Co., Regent Street.  
Messrs. Addison & Hodson, Regent Street.  
Mr. Purday, St. Paul's Churchyard.  
Mrs. Chappell, New Bond Street.  
Mrs. Andrews, New Bond Street.  
Mr. Ebers, Old Bond Street.  
Mr. Hookham, Old Bond Street.  
Mr. Lonsdale, Old Bond Street.  
Mr. Marshall, Old Bond Street.  
Mr. Wright, Music Seller, Brighton.  
Mr. Piggott, Music Seller, Dublin.  
Messrs. Robinson, Music Sellers, Dublin.  
Mr. Nash, Music Seller, Tonbridge Wells.  
Messrs. Collards, Cheapside.  
Mr. Mills, New Bond Street.  
Messrs. Leader & Cock, New Bond Street.  
Mr. Alcroft, New Bond Street.  
Mr. Jullien, Regent Street.  
Messrs. Duff & Hodgson, Oxford Street.  
Messrs. Betts, Royal Exchange.  
Mr. Mott, Pianoforte Maker, Strand.  
Mr. Goodwin, Wellington Street, North.  
Mr. Zeitter, New Bond Street.

**YESTERDAY** (Oct. 16th) the German Hospital was opened, when, in the chapel, the Chevalier Neukomm kindly accompanied the singing of the German children on a seraphine—would he had had a nobler instrument. The children sang very nicely, although the tune partook more of the English psalm tune than of the German chorale. We should have joined with more confidence, had Mr. Neukomm played the exact harmonies which were printed in the programme.—F.F.

**MARSEILLES.**—The town of Marseilles possesses, this winter, the best *troupe* for operas it has ever enjoyed:—Miles, Cathinka Heinefetter and Rouvroy, MM. Espinasse, Altairac, and Alizard are the leaders, with an adequate allowance of auxiliaries.

**THE HON. H. PITT**, captain in the Royal Horse Guards Blues, has lately presented Mr. Tutton the director of the band with a very elegant ivory *baton*, richly mounted in gold.

THE **DISTIN FAMILY** are at Liverpool. They have given concerts last week in Stafford, Ryeley, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Hanly, and Langton, with great success.

MISS **EMMA LUCOMBE** sang at the concert of Mr. Tyrrell, at Oxford, on Wednesday last; she is engaged to sing at Mr. Marshall's concert on the 29th, in the same town, and on the following Thursday at the Festival Choral Society at Birmingham.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. W. H. JARVIS.—We were not in England when our correspondent's note arrived. We may as well take this opportunity of stating that we cannot undertake positively to attend concerts or lectures, in the city or in the suburbs of London, that are not advertised in our pages. If our notice is of any value it is only reasonable that we should be remunerated for our time, labor, and expense. We make, however, a reservation in favor of subscribers to the "Musical World."

THE **POOR FIDDLER**.—We regret to say that our printer finds it impossible to set up the very clever ode of our correspondent.

Mr. **BARRETT**.—The duet performed by Sivi and Vieuxtemps at one of Mr. J. W. Davison's Matinées Musicales last May, is for violin and tenor. The key is E minor. Sivi held the violin and Vieuxtemps the tenor. A duet for two violins, with orchestral accompaniments, was executed by Sivi and Sinton at the last Philharmonic Concert. It is by the same composer and the key is B minor. The duets are to be obtained from Wessel and Co. The notification of the key is sufficient.

Mr. **IONS** had better receive his copy direct from us.

#### Subscriptions received.

Dr. **ELVEY**—Messrs. **BARRETT**—W. **ELLIOTT**—C. **BURRINGTON**—W. G. **WEISS**—C. **KLITZ**—J. T. **TREAKELL**—G. M. **AINSWORTH**—S. **PEARSALL**—T. **ARMSTRONG**—W. **LADLOW**—**ABEL & SONS**—T. **STAMSTREET**—**GIBSON**—**MEERS**—**SECOND**—**WOOLEY**—**M'KORKELL**—**MONK**—**WESTROP**—**SLOPER**—**ELLSGOOD**—**SANDERSON**—**BATES**—Dr. **THOMPSON**—Miss **S. CHAPMAN**—**BENTLEY**—**SIGNOR CASTELLINI**—E. E. A. **BLACKMORE**—**WINDSOR**.

#### Advertisements.

### "TELL, SISTER, TELL,"

DUET,

Composed for, and sung by

**THE MISSES A. AND M. WILLIAMS,**

The words by **DESMOND RYAN**. The music by **CLEMENT WHITE**. a. d. 2 6

ALSO

"They named him," Song, J. O. Allman ..... 2 0  
"Good Night," ditto, ditto ..... 2 0  
"Farewell," ditto, ditto ..... 2 0  
"Ah why so cruel, fair Maid," ditto, ditto ..... 2 0

And in the press a new Duet, entitled

### "THE FORTUNE TELLERS,"

The words by **DESMOND RYAN**. The music by **CLEMENT WHITE**.

Price 2s. 6d.

To be had of the Publisher, T. PROWSE, 13, Hanway Street, or of any Music or Bookseller in the United Kingdom.

Second Edition, Price Two Shillings.

POPULAR BALLAD,

### "LOVE NOW!"

"Oh! Life is too short to be wasted;"

The Poetry by Dr. L., in reply to the Honorable Mrs. Norton's "Love Not," the music composed and inscribed, by permission, to the most noble the Marquis of Normandy, by **RICHARD CLARKSON**, of York.

Z. T. PURDAY, 45, HIGH HOLBORN.

#### NEW AND SUPERIOR EDITIONS.

Lanner's Die Kosenden Walzer, Lanner's Petersbourger Walzer, Lanner's Labyrinth Walzer, Labitzky's Die Elfin Walzer, Strauss's Deutsche Lust Walzer, Strauss's Annen Polka, Solo's and Duets.

Published by Z. T. PURDAY, 45, HIGH HOLBORN, who has in course of publication the best of Lanner's, Labitzky's, Strauss's and Schubert's Waltzes.

## Messrs. COCKS & CO'S MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

#### MUSIC MADE EASY.

Hamilton's Miniature Course of Harmony and Composition—No. 1, Catechism of Thorough Bass, 2s.; No. 2, Melody, Counterpoint, and Composition; No. 3, Double Fugue, 2s.; No. 4, Art of Writing for an Orchestra, and on Playing from Score, 2s.; No. 5, The Invention, Exposition, Development, and Concatenation of Musical Ideas, 3s.; and his Dictionary of 2500 Musical Terms, 1s.

#### RARE MUSICAL PRESENTS.

ORATORIOS, for Piano and Voice:—The Messiah, from Mozart's Score, by John Bishop, 15s.; The Creation, by John Bishop, 15s.; The Seasons, by Clementi, 21s.; Beethoven's Mount of Olives, by J. Warren, 12s.; Rossini's Stabat Mater, by ditto, 15s. The most eminent professors have pronounced the above editions to be far superior to all others extant.

#### NEW ORGAN MUSIC, BY WARREN.

Parochial Chant Book, adapted to the Daily Psalms, arranged for four voices, with organ or piano accompaniment (115 Chants), price in bds. 3s.; a very easy Organ Tutor, 4s.; Appendix to ditto, 2s.; the Beauties for the Organ, in 12 books, each 2s. 6d., or in 1 vol. 21s.; Rules for Chanting, 2 numbers, each 4d.; also his Hints to Organists, 3s.; a new edition of Rince's Great School, by John Bishop, 36s.; a new edition of J. S. Bach's 48 Preludes and 48 Fugues, fingered by Czerny, 31s. 6d.; and a new edition of Hamilton's Catechism for the Organ, 3s.

#### PIANOFORTES.

To Merchants, Shippers, Agents, and others.—A splendid assortment of Cottage, Semi-Cottage, and Piccolo **PIANOFORTES**, in elegant rosewood and mahogany cases, of the following **WALZES** or **POLKAS**, other than those which have emanated from their house and bear their imprint: viz, Lanner's Kosenden Walzer, Lanner's Petersbourger Walzer, Lanner's Elpler Walzer, Lanner's Labyrinth Walzer, Labitzky's Helterer Sinn Polka, Labitzky's Elfin Walzer, Strauss's Deutsche Lust Walzer, and Strauss's Annen Polka. Assignments of the copyrights of the whole of them having been legally executed by their respective authors to the said R. Cocks and Co., who thereupon will sue all persons so offending against the law. And notice is hereby further given, that the authors above named have, by legal contract, deputed Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. sole proprietors and publishers of all their works written subsequently to the above. London, Sept. 17, 1845. 6, New Burlington Street.

#### MUSIC.—THE HARMONIC COMPASS,

Or Expositor of the Key in Musical Composition, by James Clarke, 10s. 6d.; Directions for the same, gratis. Also, by the same author, a New School of Music, 4s.; a new edition of his Catechism on Music, 1s.; the Child's Alphabet of Music, 2s.; and his Practical Exercises on Harmony, 24 books, each 1s.

London: Published only by R. COCKS and CO., 6, New Burlington Street, Musicians to Her Majesty.

#### MUSIC—CAUTION.

MESSRS. R. COCKS & Co.

Hereby give Notice, that they intend to proceed according to law against all persons who shall import, publish, buy, sell, or have in their possession a copy or copies of either of the following **WALZES** or **POLKAS**, other than those which have emanated from their house and bear their imprint: viz, Lanner's Kosenden Walzer, Lanner's Petersbourger Walzer, Lanner's Elpler Walzer, Lanner's Labyrinth Walzer, Labitzky's Helterer Sinn Polka, Labitzky's Elfin Walzer, Strauss's Deutsche Lust Walzer, and Strauss's Annen Polka. Assignments of the copyrights of the whole of them having been legally executed by their respective authors to the said R. Cocks and Co., who thereupon will sue all persons so offending against the law. And notice is hereby further given, that the authors above named have, by legal contract, deputed Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. sole proprietors and publishers of all their works written subsequently to the above. London, Sept. 17, 1845. 6, New Burlington Street.

#### CONCERTINA.

Just published, the following new Music for this favorite instrument, by **WHEAT, STONE & CO., PATENTERS and MANUFACTURERS of the CONCERTINAS** 20, CONDUIT STREET, REGENT STREET, complete Instructions for the Concertina, illustrated with Wood Cuts, exemplifying the manner of holding the Instrument, and followed by an Appendix, with examples of an entirely new System of Fingering, by **JOSEPH WARREN**, Price 10s. 6d. Progressive Exercises, No. 1 in C, 2s. 6d.; two Fugues, by Pichl, by ditto, 2s.; Extracts from Classical Composers, No. 3, by ditto, 2s.; Select Psalms, Hymns, and Chants, No. 5, and Slow Movements from Haydn's and Mozart's Masses, by ditto, each 2s. Also, with Piano-forte Accompaniment, Talen's Fantasia, introducing the Hungarian Air and Varsovienne, by R. Biagrove, 3s. 6d.; Introduction and Variations on a favorite Tyrolean Air, by George Case, 4s.; the Concertina March, by J. Warren, 2s., and the Minuet de la Cour and Gavotte, by ditto, 2s. A list of reduced prices, and of music for the above Instrument, may be had on application.

JUST PUBLISHED,

Price 12s.

### A TREATISE ON HARMONY,

BY

**ALFRED DAY.**

CRAMER BEALE & Co., 201, Regent Street, and 67, Conduit Street.

DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN.

#### JOHN BARNETT'S NEW VOCAL SCHOOL,

Consisting of a series of original and progressive Exercises, calculated to facilitate and perfect execution, according to the modern style of vocalisation, both Italian and English. To which are appended fixed laws and general rules for the attainment and regulation of style. Price 21s.

London: ADDISON and HODSON, 210, REGENT STREET, Where may be had Tickets for the Colosseum—Family Tickets to admit four, 10s.

## NEW VOCAL MUSIC.

MINASTI (C.)—"In joy or sorrow" .....	2 0
"My Merry Heart," Mazurka Song .....	2 0
MADAME THILLON'S Five songs, from the Crown Diamonds.	
No. 2. Ah! 'tis I .....	2 6
4. The Children of Night! .....	2 6
8. "Neath the Mountain's (Bolero) .....	2 6
The latter as a Duet (known as "The Brigands") .....	3 0
9. I would rend the chain .....	2 6
12. No, no, no! lend thine ear .....	2 6
No. 1. "Down Down ye clouds," (sung by Mr. Allen) .....	2 0
ASPULL W.—"I think of thee in the morning" .....	2 0
LOPER (E. J.)—"The colour from the flower is flown" .....	2 0
JEWSON—"Sweet eyes" .....	2 0
PHILLIPS (Lovell)—"If sometimes in the haunts of men," .....	2 0
GATTIE (J.)—"The Queen of Spring," (poetry by Camilla Toulmin) .....	2 6
PHILOMELE—No. 63, 64, 68, 71, 75, and 83, with Guitar .....	1s. 6d. &
KALLIWODA—"Spring's first breezes," Voice, Piano, and Violin .....	4 0
Fiercely glows, "Voice, Piano, Violoncello, Horn, or Violin .....	3 0
MENDELSSOHN—No. 265. "Now the tuneful" .....	2 0
No. 266. "Over the mountain" .....	2 0
No. 267. "Thro' the darksome wood" .....	3 0
No. 268. "Tis thus decreed" .....	2 6
No. 269. "She roves thro' the garden" .....	2 6
No. 270. "Slumber and dream" .....	2 6
PROCH—No. 200. "If I were but a bird" .....	2 6
No. 208. "Ah! once like all the world?" .....	1 0
No. 209. "Ah! poor heart" .....	2 6
SCHUBERT—No. 259. "The voice of the tempest" .....	2 6

## PIANOFORTE.

SCHULHOFF—No. 1. "Prague" allegro brillant, Op. 1. ....	4 0
2. "Le Zephyr" romance, Op. 2. ....	2 0
3. "La Nalade" Melodie, Op. 2. ....	2 0
4. "Elegie," Marcia Funebre, Op. 2. ....	2 0
5. "Andante et étude de concert" op 3. ....	3 6
6. "Tropics" Polka, Op. 4. ....	1 6
7. "Caribad" Polka, Op. 4. ....	2 0
ROSENHAIN, J.—"Souvenir de Prague" Polka en forme de Rondeau .....	3 0
WILLMERS, E.—"Le Papillon" Etude Impromptu .....	3 0

## PIANO &amp; FLUTE.

BERIOT & OSBORNE—Fantaisie "Pré aux Clercs," by Tulou .....	6 0
ROSENHAIN & SEDLATZEK—Duo on "La Straniera" .....	5 0
"Il Pirata" .....	4 6
KUHLAU & CLINTON—Three Concertinos, Op. 59 .....	each 5s.
BEETHOVEN—Op. 12. Three Sonatas, 1 to 3 by Clinton .....	each 5s. to
TULOU—Hommage à Mad. Thillon, Fantasia on "The Crown Diamonds," .....	Op. 90 5 0

## PIANO AND VIOLIN.

KLEMCYNSKI—Duo on the "Crown Diamonds" .....	4 0
MOLIQUE—Op. 24, Grand Duo in A minor .....	10 6
VIEUXTEMPS—Shortly to be published, his three last compositions, 1st—	
Concerto, 2nd—Hommage à Paganini, 3rd—Romances sans Paroles,	
written expressly for Wessel and Co., in this Country, and sworn to at	
the Office in Great Marlboro' Street .....	
THALBERG & PANOFFA—Op. 61, "Souvenir d'Autriche" Fantaisie sur-	
des Melodies Styriennes in A. ....	8 6
MOLIQUE—Op. 24, Grand Duo in A minor (to Moscheles) .....	10 6
REISSIGER & MAURER—8th Grand Duo, "La Ricordanza" in A minor .....	8 6
WOLFF & DE BERIOT—Grand Duo from "Les Diamants de la Couronne" .....	7 6

## VIOLONCELLO AND PIANO.

PHILLIPS & CLINTON—Dolce dell' Italia fav. Melodies Nos. 10 to 18, each	3 6
Dolces de Schubert, Nos. 3 to 8 .....	each 2s. to 4 0
* * * The same for Violin, or Tenor, or Cornet.	
WOLFF & DE BERIOT—Grand Duo from, "Les Diamants de la Couronne,"	
(adapted by S. Lee) .....	7 6
SPOHR—Third Grand Duo, Op. 112, (adapted by F. Kummer) .....	12 0
BEETHOVEN—Op. 12, Three Sonatas, 1 to 3 by Hammers .....	each 5s. to
KUMMER, "Aux Amateurs," Nos. 17 to 20 .....	each 3s. to 4 6
REISSIGER AND KUMMER—"La Ricordanza" Grand Duo (No. 8), in A	
minor .....	8 0

## PIANO, FLUTE, AND VIOLONCELLO.

MOZART—Op. 15, Trio No. 3 .....	5 0
CLINTON & HAMMERS—Ten Italian Trios, &c., 1 to 10 .....	each 4s. to 5 0
Ditto, for 2 violins and piano .....	each 4s. to 5 0
Ditto, for 2 violoncellos and piano .....	each 4s. to 5 0
Ditto, for violin, violoncello, and piano, each 4s. to .....	5 0
Ditto, for violin, flute, and piano .....	each 4s. to 5 0

## TWO CORNETS.

RUDOLPHUS' Selection—No. 13 and 14, for airs from "The Crown Diamonds" .....	each 2 6
--	----------

## WESSEL &amp; CO.,

67, FRITH STREET, CORNER OF SOHO SQUARE.

## "THE MARBLE MAIDEN."

M. JULLIEN having secured the copyright of the whole of the MUSIC in M. Adolphe Adam's beautiful new ballet, entitled "THE MARBLE MAIDEN," now performing with the greatest success at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, he begs respectfully to acquaint his patrons that the various piano-forte arrangements from the Ballet are now in the course of publication, and will be issued in a few days, at his Depot général de Musique Dansante, 214, Regent Street, and 45, King Street.

## LONDON

## SACRED MUSIC WAREHOUSE,

69, DEAN STREET, SOHO, AND 24, POULTRY.

TO BE PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION,

In Two Volumes, price 16s. each;

## BOYCE'S SERVICES AND ANTHEMS,

IN VOCAL SCORE,

WITH A SEPARATE ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE ORGAN OR PIANOFORTE,

BY VINCENT NOVELLO,

The Work will be handsomely printed on large paper, and the First Volume bound in Cloth, will appear in January, 1846.

The Alto and Tenor Parts will be engraved in the original Cleff.;

## PURCELL'S SACRED MUSIC.

THE

CATHEDRAL SERVICES, ANTHEMS, HYMNS, &amp;c.

EDITED BY VINCENT NOVELLO,

Complete in Four Volumes, Price 31s. 6d. each.

Vol. 1 Contains Verse Anthems in Major Keys .....	312 pages
Vol. 2 " Verse Anthems in Minor Keys .....	306 do.
Vol. 3 " Full Anthems, Hymns, Sacred Songs, and	
Latin Pieces .....	230 do.
Vol. 4 " Services and Chants .....	215 do.

All the above Anthems and Services are printed. Separate Catalogue of which may be had Gratis.

## NOVELLO'S CHEAP MUSICAL CLASSICS.

The Series will contain a variety of established Classical Works, engraved in the best style, in longway music quarto size, with a separate Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte. The Alto and Tenor parts are put in the G clef, for the greater facility of the general reader, and each volume will contain one work complete in itself. The time of each movement has been marked by the metronome, and the whole carefully revised by the Editor. No curtailment will be made from the original folio edition.

## HAYDN.

A new and cheap edition of Haydn's Masses, at prices varying from 2s. to 6s. 6d., forming vols. 1 to 16.

## MOZART.

A new and cheap edition of Mozart's Masses, at prices varying from 2s. to 8s. 6d., forming vols. 17 to 34. An English Adaptation of Mozart's Celebrated Requiem. Vol. 38, 6s.

## SPOHR.

A new and cheap edition of Spohr's Last Judgment. Vol. 85. 7s. 6d.

## WEBB'S

Motetts and Antiphons. Vol. 36, 7s. Webb's Collection of Sacred Music as used in the Chapel of the King of Sardinia, in London. Vol. 37, 7s. To be continued.

LONDON SACRED MUSIC WAREHOUSE,

J. ALFRED NOVELLO,

(MUSIC SELLER BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY,)

69, DEAN STREET, SOHO, AND 24, POULTRY.





# THE BRITISH NATIONAL MARCH.

Performed on all State and other occasions; Composed and humbly Dedicated to  
Her Most Gracious Majesty,

**QUEEN VICTORIA,**

BY HER MAJESTY'S FAITHFUL SUBJECT AND SERVANT,

**EDWARD CLARE.**

ENGLAND has justly boasted of her glorious National Anthem, and now she may be equally proud of her truly magnificent NATIONAL MARCH; a noble and sublime inspiration that will immortalize the name of the Composer, and confer a lasting honor on the nation and people to whom it is devoted. May its thrilling sounds spread far and wide!

**London: Published and Sold by H. WHITE,  
350, OXFORD STREET.**

PIANO-FORTE SOLO, 2s.

MILITARY BAND PARTS, 3s.

TAKE NOTICE—That every Military Band-Master within Her Majesty's dominions, or in Her Majesty's Service, will be presented with a Copy of the Band Parts of the above March gratuitously, upon application being made to the aforesaid H. WHITE.

[Publisher's Circular.]

**NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.**  
PUBLISHED BY H. WHITE, 350, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.  
**BELLS ON THE WATER.** NEW SONG BY GUYLOTT, Price 2s.



Hark! 'tis the distant bell that's pealing, Telling the hour of closing day;



**OLD HEADS CAN NEVER RULE YOUNG HEARTS.** CLARE, 2s.

Though fair & lovely still too young, Love's pains & pleasures yet to feel.



**WITH ALL THY FAULTS I LOVE THEE STILL.** HOSKIN, 2s.

With all thy faults I love thee still; Ah, why that trembling voice?



**DON'T BE ANGRY MOTHER.** HOSKIN, 2s.

Don't be an—gry Mother, Mother, Once on me you fondly smiled.



**OH, SING THAT SONG AGAIN MY PAGE.** CLARE, 2s.

Oh! sing that song again my Page, Nor heed my fall-ing tears;



**I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.** CLARE, 2s.

I dream of all things free! Of a gay and gal-lant bur;



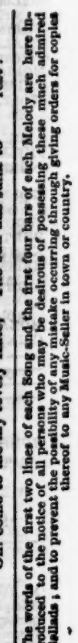
**OH, SING THE GOLDEN HOURS AWAY.** CLARE, 2s.

How mer-ryly we mad-dens rove, O'er thymy banks and meadows gay,



**MY LOVELY KATE.** CLARE, 2s.

Oh! come to me my lovely Kate, The sun has sunk to rest:



The words of the first two lines of each Song and the first four bars of each Melody are here introduced to the notice of all persons who may be desirous of possessing these much admired Melodies, and to prevent any person from giving orders for copies thereof to any Music-Seller in town or country.